

To a Woman Passing By

To a woman passing by,

I have watched you on the street, placing foot in front of foot, darting through the mass of God's hellish creation. I have been irreparably struck by your image, which is always departing from my view. With the abandon of your steps, you have won my admiration. I love you for your grace because your walk is so unloving and your movement so unending. I love you for your presence because your sight vaporizes and your gaze unnerves. I love you for the indifferences you cast and the interest you represent. I love you for your taste because it ruthlessly discards whatever cannot last, for you have shown me that the ever-new remains the same old thing. But most of all, I love the cloudy dreams your profanity inspires. Yours is a rejuvenating sight, and for that I dedicate these works, my first efforts in your name.

The softness that fascinates, the pleasure that kills!

I may be an incomplete man, but I am very passionate.

Poems—Stephanie Gomez

Untitled

dust place

undercoat of a distant
future too harmless for us

holy alliance of Europe
floats off beyond revision

left with what—
an excavated lap

flushed precondition
for a good century

the arrival of fate is embarrassing

typical thorn,
away with all constancy
except ours

Popular television

INT. WAITING ROOM

Love for his cousin ripples over his eyelids
Back home, the pool gets drained

Reverse figuration of a public scepter,
hurling its latest advents toward
a newfound corner for its time
Carefully dusking the tip of his peoples'
therapy-ravaged acres
Sun-dried, they call it

This week's garbage furls faceward
like a new Hermès

They did a beautiful job, she says, nudging him to
endure its humanity for all of two minutes

They go way back,
Patron saint of how his body reassembles,

that prick

Going on about the pre-fragility of things
is the lowest form of conversation
The eventual gets to him
"Flip it over" he says,
animating the Rolex'd wrist

Death enlarges him as usual

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Rearview portrait of a strong, silent type
The rest of him slouches towards many other Americans
who feel this way

Poems—Erin Hagood

Spider in the Window

You swing and fling and seem to crawl
And when you swing you seem to lull
Sweet babes to night who see you swing,
Imagine you a circus—a girl on trapeze
From the Old Days—you spring from dreams
From scorched ant tower or swallowed beams
Of light refracted, reflected, thrice known—
Known to you, known to me and finally to known—
And your eight eyes I count as sheep
And your eight legs I snip and web
A weave or veil where hid mine own
Wind whetted face, trapped for all and no one.

Albatross

What see you from on high,
Catching in the wings and glide cross sky—
What say you of the creatures below,
Who jumped and jumped and almost flew,
Who sang and crone a strange bird song
And, sprinkled with copper, project a sanguine
Face, or with breath abated
Would slate the whole Earth for one sour date?

Jeune homme à la fenêtre

Your eyes are as beige stone parapets
Below steel green roofs, where stole
The white flocks the gold sun
That shimmers in the air
And the spume that spangles it.

an intermission.....

*choleric rod-iron consequences
sutured concatenated consequences
coincidence descended consequences
putsch axe saber ritz consequences
spurious clandestine consequences
castled tsarina's consequences
inconsequential consequences*

Петя

Stone upon stone
Flies high above to sore
Soaring heights a second time.
You, ghostly you
From dimmed in memory's mass
My chimera Recalled to Life.

The Emperor's Cricket

Cricket creeping past the warbler king
Of crooning sparrows, small creature frightened
And chary best prance to dine and not die dined
As a passing fool from fancy of a proud kingling.
So sing for you a cherub-song cooing
Manic-chirps and sing for you a cheery lied
Smiling nose-to-chin! --*Sweeter than the Pied
Piper! --Charming as cherry-chipper-cheeks sing!*

“Hush

Brother, while warden's weary eyes still wander
Worn and windswept paths—*Kowton!*—well yonder,
For a warring sun rises in the West. Daren't pause,
Daren't think—*Kowton!*—gold blares daren't rest in blaze
Engobbed—*Kowton!*—to squelch not woe. Now quick!
As swiftly the warbird blew—*Kowton!*

Hall of Horrors—Suzy Vogenthaler

I. Introduction to the hall of horrors.

Having been buckled in, and the bar across one's lap pressed downward to a click, impressing into one's legs just enough to allow for blood to flow inward, one smiles toward the ride operator, whose head is turned to the right (though his body faces forward) toward the switchboard where his hand idly lies. With a few motions, a metallic *clunk*, one is jolted rightward, then moves slowly sideways to a sunlit wall, across which is painted in letters so large that they must be pieced together one by one: "G - O - O - D - B - Y - E."

II. The hall of horrors.

The world is left behind now, (rather, to one's left), but peers through mechanical wooden doors now having been slung back to shut position, as a little grin of the sun between whither the slats wish to come together, that shines and fades, and as one is yanked astern and with a right turn, it is disappeared, done, from all possible vision. The unsteady machine moves one forward into a dank wooden built thing. One may be familiar to the wet air, odorable as the emission of now just the early sentry of later a colony of fog machines, the hissings of which will soon be betrayed amid the clank and gnash of the track below, but, first, the electric thing prattles down a sudden decline, upsetting one's insides, quickly past three portraits framed in spiderwebs and lit in faint blue, green, violet. The uncertain pictures indeed do transform in relation to the spectator's point of vantage, but it's more likely that one will be distracted from such a fact by a female scream,

which is coincident with a skeleton's sudden emergence from a walled coffin, painted black, unsuitable for any deceasement deserving of a coffin at all.

The full body of the hall of horrors lies within the next room, the portal for which approaches as a gape dripping with rubbery appendages hanging down in parody of a psychic's beaded curtain, or in mimicry of the drippings of a deep ancient cave or cove. A cautionary sign above forbids entry, yet one is pushed inward without heed for warning by the electric force that forces on.

Now, here in the hall of horrors, a variety of experiences and sensations (animated, electric, rubber, plastic, and vinyl), dreads that oneself is subject to, variegated and suddening about as the careful machine twists around black corners through airs thick with artificial smog and ghastly organ moans ghastlier by artefacts of compression, such dreads that expose themselves in no certain logic, but rapidfire onslaught in harmony with the twist and propulsion of the moving machine, and which may be categorized as follows:

1. *Natural* Horrors. Such things that are not quite as either category following (so wretched or so deathly) but rather objects whose natural existence highlights the ill logic of things in this hall of things brought to life, that of evil, such things as black cats, gravestones, knotted trees, perverse clowns, men and women mutated not externally but within their synthetic souls. Such things as these occupy corners, surround the more-living appliances, provide the natural world in which each terrible one is an unending actor. Cotton spider webs cover all frames, any erection, the unmoving limbs of crying heads. Still corpses punctuate unstill ones.

2. *Pitiful* Horrors. In this category one is subjected to the recursive wretchedness of, for instance, the man put to death, the living man picked apart by malpractical surgeon, the decapitation still moaning kept alive in the ritual brew of pagan witch in black, the woman fated to devourment by werewolves, the supine woman to be hacked to chunks by the mad woodsman. Frightful shrieks descend from ceiling speakers as if sprinkling rain. Mutated animate corpses, mummified mammals still motorized, which shock an arm out for help, fit most comfortably in this category, but may at times belong instead to the former or the following.
3. *Violent* Horrors. The quickest and most varied of frights; threats, rather, to one's direct living life resulting from the decision to enter oneself into the hell machine. The rammaging sputter of a chainsaw screams to the right as air is puffed into one's face. Gunshots ring out, appendages drape across the shoulders like spiders. The churning bucket that one is strapped into starts and stops, turns and propels every which direction unevenly, its wheels grinding and creaking *authentically*, lights strobing so to rattle one's sense of sight, one may wonder if one is to be heaved out alive, or if one is to be gutted, hydrolicized, and made to pop up and shake as any sad thing of the previous category.

As a corollary: one creature of some creation decidedly has been ascribed to all possible categories, and this is that of the Lich King, who, from his graven throne atop bone, corpse, ooze, somethings and other things, his body trembling, arms highering and lowering, jaw cankerously

attempting to match its speech as best a neglected toy could, pronounces, “I am your master! Your soul belongs to me!” It is fitting that within this newfound Lord’s domain the wretchedities of the above-listed characterizations have been made to live, and live on.

III. Expulsion from the hall of horrors.

After soul claimed, body violated, and sense of good twisted into dementia by a series of epileptic jumps, starts and thrusts, the sense for an end to near creeps out from the calmer darkness that one is here driven into, front forward, allowing one to collect oneself from the onslaught of immediately previous sensations, and a comfort, willing itself up from a thing inside one’s chest, is coated in the acute knowledge that the most offensive terror always awaits before one can be safely delivered into the world of things that are alive and have life. Churning further into the dark, one can make out the glint of light coming between the final doors that must sling open too quickly or too loudly. The machine slows as the slit approaches, and with a sudden halt, and a familiar motorized roar too quick too close, the flicker of a strobing light bulb, and the deranged woodsman rising from the light to the left, but before this chance is afforded for one to be ceased, the doors fly apart, one is turned and one dragged again rightward, where one settles into place whence one started, and, there, is released from the confining contrivance by the still the same ride operator, whose voice too organic to settle well into the well synthesized manor of one’s ruled soul, meets to mind and informs one that the Luna Park’s gates are closing for the day. One must now make one’s exit, and may move on from the boardwalk however one wishes. For instance, I chose to take the train home.

Untitled—Patrick Zapien

And to be shown
that yesterday's longing
in today's clear eyes
that I so see

Darkening
with what never passes
but what in pace of passing watches

Ah! To not follow
what following
still I am

~

Las esperanzas de ayer
me aparecen hoy
en la vista de
ojos claros

Oscureciéndose
con el paso
de ver pasar
sin ser pasado

A no seguir
lo que siguiente
mismo soy

towards a newer avant-garde

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Anthony Gonzales
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Anthora Guarderas
Erin Hagood*
Ant Morales
Tatyana Skalany
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